

COLFERS AS I 'AVE KNOWN.

(By a Caddie.)

v.

A LITTLE success at golf, as I've noticed, generally makes a man wish for more. Like the appertite of a yung girl for chocerlates. I dunno if you remember that nice old Mister GIGGINGTON, of 'oom I told you. Under my skillfull guidance, and with the ade of a little inercer 'anky-panky, 'e kontrived to wander rarn'd these 'ere links in an 'undred and twenty-nine. Well, ever since that seprising triump, 'e 'as been 'ungering for fresh feelds to konker, as you might say.

"I want to meet someone, 'ENERY, as I can beat," 'e kep' saying, quite truckewlent like. "I don't pretend as 'ow I'm brilliyent, but on my day I do fancy that there's wuss."

"You keep on practising stedly, Sir," was my invair-able words, "and one of these days we shall see you winning cups and medils."

As nice and kind an old gentleman as ever smashed a club is Mister GIGGINGTON, but I allus 'ave to 'andle 'im like eggs to prevent 'im losing 'art. I didn't think as 'ow even 'ENERY WILKS would be able to grattify 'is 'armless ambishun, but the uth'er day I saw my chawnce.

It was a Toosday morning, and the course was quite disserted, excep' for Mister G., 'oo was waiting to start a practice rarn'd wiv 'is pashunt teecher. Which is me. And then a new member come along 'oo was wishfull for a game, and dirrectly I set eyes on 'im, somethink, hinstink I suppose, seemed to tell me that 'ere was the man for 'oom I 'ad been waiting.

'E was French, and I shall not attempt to rite 'is name, the 'ang of which I never reely kawt. 'E was a small, darkish, jornty man, and 'is garmint's was a little briter and more cheerfull-looking than you see in England. 'E wore, among uth'er things, a deer-storker 'at wiv a fever stuck in it. But 'is manners was reely bewtiffull. It was quite a site to see 'im click 'is 'eels togever and bow to my himployer, and in a minnute they 'ad fixed their match. I 'ad 'inted to Mister G. that 'e must hinsist on 'aving a stroke an 'ole, and that was 'ow they settled it. I never lerned what the Frenchman's 'andicap was, but if the Champyon 'isself 'ad

offered to take strokes from 'im 'e would 'ave closed gladly wiv the offer. And yet there was reely nothing erfensive about the little man.

I could see as 'ow pore old Mister G. was trimbling wiv a sort of serpressed egsitement, and I wispered to 'im that 'e must play stedly and use the niblick whenever possibul. The niblick, from long practice in the bunkers, is 'is club.

Me frend CHAWLEY MARTIN was the Frenchman's caddie, and 'e took ercasion to remmark to me that we seemed in for somethink warmish. I checked the boy wiv one of my glawnces, and then we waited while 'is himployer took the

was appariently trying 'ard to do each 'ole in a brilliyent one, but we was quite content to win them in a stedly nine.

We 'ad our misforchunes, of course. 'Is deerest frend wouldn't 'ardly say as 'ow Mister G.'s game is a long one, and each bunker seems to 'ave a sort of magnetick attrackshun for 'is ball, but whilst the Frenchman's brassey remained unbroken we knew that there was allus a chawnce for the 'ole. For 'arf the rarn'd it stood the crewel strane and then it didn't break. It jest seemed to sort of dissolve into small peaces. But we was two up by then and our tails was 'igh in air.

As for the Frenchman, 'is meffods at times was reely seprising. After that first drive CHAWLEY lade 'isself down flat when 'is himployer drove, but even in that posishun it didn't seem 'ardly safe. That long, thin, bendy driver sent the ball to all 'ites and all angels, but never once in a strate line. After a wile 'e diskarded it, and guv a fair, 'onnest trial to every club in 'is bag in turn. I should never 'ave been serprised to see 'im drive desperit like wiv 'is putter, but even then CHAWLEY wouldn't 'ave dared say nuthink. 'E was quite a plessant, gentlemenly little man, but it didn't do to argue wiv 'im. 'E begun to scream and stamp at once, and CHAWLEY saw pretty soon that it was best and safest to let 'im play 'is own game.

It was on the fifteenth green that the great match was ended. Mister GIGGINGTON's pluck and stammer 'ad been amasing for 'is age, but the strane and the joyfull egsitement was beginning to

'tell on 'im. The Frenchman tried to bring off a thirty-yard putt to save the 'ole, and failed by some forty yards. But 'e took 'is defect like a nero. They shook 'ands on the green and 'e said that it warmed 'is 'art to reflect on the glory that 'is frendly foe 'ad won. I beleave as 'ow there was tears in the old gentleman's eyes. 'E turned to me and I quite thort 'e was going to grasp my 'and, but instead of that 'e put a bob into it; which was pretty near as good.

'E 'll never make a golfer, but 'ENERY WILKS will allus be plesced and proud to gide 'im rarn'd the course.

MEDICAL NOMENCLATURE.—"A prisoner with an appetite named Edward Wood . . ."—*Daily Mail*.



Aunt. "TOMMY! HOW CRUEL! WHY DID YOU OUT THAT POOR WORM IN TWO?"

Tommy. "HE SEEMED SO LONELY."

'onner. That gentleman danced up to the tee, waving rarn'd 'is head the longest and the bendiest driver that I 'ave ever seen, and 'e didn't trubble to address the ball at all. 'E jest sprung at it and 'it it wiv all 'is might, and somethink fairly wistled past CHAWLEY's 'ead as 'e stood a little be'ind the tee box. The Frenchman 'ad sliced at rite angels, and for anythink I know 'is ball is still in the air. Certingly, we never saw it agin.

That slite misforchune appeered to egsite and dimmoralise CHAWLEY's himployer, 'oo may 'ave been quite a brilliyent player on 'is day, and I may say at once that 'e never reely found 'is game. On the uth'er 'and it seemed to put new life and vigger into Mister G. Our erponent

HIS EXIGENCY, SIR PETER.

FOR the central motive of *Peter's Mother*, MRS. DE LA PASTURE has left the dull turnpike of convention, and taken us down a pleasant little by-path of her own. The wonder is that nobody thought of taking us that way before. For *Peter* is a sufficiently common type. He is the sweet child whom "we all smile on for his pleasant want of the whole world to break up, or suck in his mouth, seeing no other good in it." He is, the preposterous boy-egoist, who regards his mother (a pretty widow still on the right side of forty) as an antique, with nothing left in life to live for except his better comfort and convenience. Still he is, somehow, rather lovable; and now that he has had a few home-truths from the girl he wants to marry, and a fairly straight lecture from his guardian who talked to him like the stepfather he was about to become, I expect *Peter* will turn out a quite decent fellow.

I confess to being disappointed that a play so short as this, and with so excellent a motive, should have needed any superfluity to eke it out. There was too much tea-table tattle, and I could easily have done with less of the catty old aunts. I could even have dispensed with the whole of the First Act, and let *Peter's* mother start fair as an eligible widow. I suppose this Act was meant to serve a purpose by showing us from how noxious a husband the lady was about to be delivered before her capacity for joy had been permanently blighted. But a man may be very offensive (and the *Timothy Crewys, Bart.*, of Mr. McKINNEL was surely every bit as offensive as the author's fancy had painted him) and yet seem something of a hero when we find him bravely facing the prospect of a fatal operation. At least he wins our sympathy, even as the anguish of the brutal *Mihrab Shah* moved *Perishtah* to pity:—

"Tax me my bread and salt twice over, claim Laila, my daughter, for thy sport,—go on! Slay my son's self, maintain thy poetry Beats mine—thou meritest a dozen deaths! But—ulcer in the stomach—ah, poor soul! Try a fig-plaster: may it ease thy pangs!"

And certainly—whether it was the author's bad judgment or a false note in Miss MARION TERRY's otherwise charming performance—the odium seemed to be shifted from husband to wife when we saw her receive the announcement of his impending ordeal with unnecessary callousness. Anyhow it is a grim way of introducing a comedy to invite you to watch a man all through the First Act bracing himself to meet the surgeon's knife; and then, after the flavour of your *entr'acte* cigarette has been spoilt by the thought of the surgical horrors going on

behind the scene, to lift the curtain and show you his widow already out of mourning and thoroughly pleased with herself.

The play had in it many touches of unobtrusive cleverness, and of that kind of humour which flatters the intelligence of a discerning audience. But there



Peter's Mother . . . Miss Marion Terry.

was not enough to go round. I think perhaps that, as a playwright, Mrs. DE LA PASTURE has not yet quite found herself.

If she failed here to do a perfect justice to her uncommon gifts, it was not for



Peter's Guardian . . . Mr. Frederic Kerr.

lack of talent in the interpretation. In the part of *Peter's* mother, Miss MARION TERRY, as ever, was delightful. Of course they had to choose a charming personality for such a part. Any mother of any *Peter*, on or off the stage, is always a charming personality. Very natural and spontaneous was the way in which she betrayed the division in her dear heart between sacrificial devotion to the exigent *Peter* and her own claim to a share in the romance of womanhood.

Mr. FRED KERR, as the boy's guardian, had nothing like the opportunity that his workmanlike methods deserved. What a chance for a brilliant dialogue (the irony all on one side) was missed in the scene where he instructs his incredulous ward in the strange truth that the world was not solely designed for his (*Peter's*) delight. Instead, he had to throw off one of those protracted homilies which had come to be regarded as the prerogative of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM. Indeed, there was a WYNDHAM air about the house. The theatre was his, to begin with; there was the voice of Mr. BUCKLAW as the *Doctor*; and there was this moral lecture by Mr. KERR.

Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS was *Peter*. No one else of course can play this kind of part so well; but he talks far better than he listens. It would be a graceless thing, however, to cavil, even ever so slightly, at the performance of an actor who has sacrificed so much in the cause of art. Others, ere now, have laid a love-lock, a moustache, a whisker on the altar of Thalia or Melpomene; Mr. MATTHEWS had his right arm amputated.

One critic, I believe, was impatient of allusions to the Boer War, which he regarded as *vieux jeu*, and could not quite remember whether it occurred before or after the Flood. I am not in sympathy with him, though I know that many things of very vital import have happened since then. HAYWARD's record, for instance.

Miss HILDA TREVELYAN, in an incongruous red wig, represented *Sarah*, the girl whom *Peter* loved next best to himself. To be frank—but not unkind, for who could be unkind to the adorable *Wendy*?—Miss TREVELYAN was not built for the part of a smart society girl. Next time I see her I hope she will have her own hair hanging down her back and be making love to that other *Peter* whose surname is *Pan*. O. S.

A Record Gate.

"From the kick-off it was plain Leeds meant business. They were constantly making headway, and hovering round the Fosse goal, encouraged by the shouts of between eleven and twelve excited partisans. What an ear-splitting yell Yorkshiremen can raise!"

Leicester Daily Post.

ONE would give much to have witnessed the enthusiasm of these 11½ tykes.

"A specimen of the Common *Dasyure*, one of the Australian 'native cats,' is the gift of Mr. W. B. ROBINSON, of Linthorpe, and has been placed near his cousin the 'Tasmanian Devil.'"

At least so says the Curator of the Middlesbrough Museum, according to *The North Star*. We hope Mr. ROBINSON's cousin will pardon our familiarity—but *que diable (Tasmanien) allait-il faire dans cette galère?*



A BLOATED PLURALIST.

BURGLAR BILL. "ONE LATCH-KEY ONE VOTE, EH? WHAT PRICE THIS 'ERE SKELETON-KEY, AS 'LL LET ME INTO ANY 'OME? W'Y, I MUST BE A BLOOMIN' CONSTITUENCY!"



Fond Mother (leaving her boy at school) to Head Master. "AND WHATEVER GAME HE PLAYS AT, WILL YOU KINDLY SEE THAT HE COOLS SLOWLY?"

COELUM ET ANIMUM.

At home, ere I sailed o'er the billowy brine,
A large and a liberal outlook was mine,
The faults of the Briton
Appeared to be written
In letters remarkably fine.
The virtues of all other nations I sang
And glib from my tongue-tip their qualities rang.
It pleased me to praise the more civilised ways
Of Russia, Japan, Honolulu,
And to write myself down, while I lingered in town,
Pro-German, pro-Boer, or pro-Zulu.
But now 'twixt my far-away country and me
Lie leagues upon leagues of the stormy North Sea,
And the further I travel
The less do I cavil
At England, the home of the free.
In matters of food, I observe with concern,
Norwegians have much—very much—still to learn;
And when, after nights on the pine-scented heights,
My appetite's rampant and skittish,
I'm startled to find that my once open mind
Is growing aggressively British.
I wake feeling starved, and they try to cajole
My ravenous maw with an underdone roll,
Which, greedily swallowed,
Is instantly followed
By tortures that harrow my soul.

And when that is finished they ask me to cope
With *mysost*—a mixture of Cheddar and soap.
Then I think with a groan of the breakfasts I've known;
My scorn of old England is shaken,
And I know I would give half the years I've to live
For that food of the gods—eggs and bacon.

At evening when, weary with travel, I feel
That dinner's the one thing that's earnest and real,
Norwegians waylay me,
Attempting to slay me
With *aftens*—detestable meal!
Crab pie and sardines and a sausage appear,
With a pot of pale tea and a bottle of beer.
Then I long with a sigh for the Carlton and Cri.,
Or wouldn't old Jimmy's be jolly!
And I cease to run down the luxurious town,
As I used, in my radical folly.

Then what though the fragrance of Eden be rolled
Down the fjord from its girdle of pine-trees untold?
What though through the shimmer
Of evening there glimmer
Some myriad islets of gold?
No trifles like these can afford me relief.
One thought and one only possesses me—beef!
No longer I'll praise the rude, barbarous ways
Of nations that curdle my marrow;
Henceforward my oat shall resound with a note
That's rampageously British and narrow.

CHARIVARIA.

THE International Peace Conference at Milan passed off without serious disturbance.

The Hamburg-American Steamship Company, it is announced, has abandoned speed competitions, thereby following the example of the S. E. & C. R.

Scotland Yard has drawn up some admirable regulations for motor omnibuses. The only one to which serious objection can be taken is to the effect that all vehicles must be fitted with two independent brakes. Brakes of this sort are sometimes so independent that they refuse to act.

We have lately read of a mechanically propelled vehicle which consumes its own smoke and is fitted with silent machinery. This sounds like a description of the Ideal Politician.

Although women have not yet got the franchise, they are, according to *The Daily News*, making advances. In its account of a case in the Courts, our contemporary says, "The accused had been anxious to marry the prosecutrix, but she was courting someone else."

It was characteristic of the late General TREPOFF's alleged contempt for popular aspirations that he should have died a natural death.

The latest autobiographical item from the pen of Miss MARIE CORELLI is the following statement in the *Rapid Review*: "The great are invariably maligned."

There is no doubt that Mrs. LONGWORTH has now obtained a permanent place in the affections of the American nation. The other day she was mobbed by thousands of her fellow-countrywomen, who rent her clothes in their enthusiasm.

There is an old legend of an American prisoner who, upon being asked "Guilty, or Not guilty?" replied, "I guess that's for you to find out." A second chapter was added to this legend the other day at the Old Bailey by a thief who made an eloquent speech in his own defence, and then, when the jury found him guilty, admitted, with a smile, that they had got the answer right at the first guess.

More Commercial Candour.

FROM ABERYSTWYTH:—

"Clearance Sale of Antique Oak Furniture to make place for Fresh Stock."

TO HER UNCLE—FROM MARGERY.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—Thank you for your letter. I was just as glad when they told me about you! And I said to myself, "I must be very nice to him, because mother and I have been here for years and years simply, and he's quite new." And it's unkind of you to say I kicked, I was only stretching, and one must stretch or one will never grow. I heard nurse tell mother that, and you know you'd like to have a tall niece.

I think I shall like you, if you're sure you won't mind my being only a girl. I don't think father minds, although he looks very sad about something every now and then. He came back late from the office the other day, and mother told me he'd done an awful lot of work, and was so tired, and I cried all night about it, I was so sorry for him.

Mother is a funny person. This morning I did my trick of opening one eye and keeping the other shut, and she got fearfully excited, and called out "Nurse, nurse, what's the matter with Baby, she can't open one of her eyes!" And then I simply had to open it, so as I could wink at nurse to show her what a silly mother we had. But I have given up my other joke—of pretending to be dead. I used to do it every night, and she would creep out of bed, and come and listen at my cradle, and . . . Well, I'm only a girl, and I shall never go to a public school, but still I know when a joke ceases to be a joke and becomes bad form. So I have given it up.

Oh, talking of bad form, some chemists who had read about me in the papers sent me a sample of tooth powder. In rather bad taste, I thought . . .

I want you to come and see me have my bath. Mother asks all her friends, so why shouldn't I ask mine? Of course I would rather keep it private, but if mother is going to make a show of it we may as well have the right people there. Do you know, uncle, they actually do it in a basin, although there's a proper bath just next door! I know I'm small, but is it quite fair always to be harping on the fact? (Twice a day, if you will believe me.) Of course mother and nurse are only women, and they wouldn't understand this. But I am sure you, uncle, would be more careful of people's feelings.

I am very sorry, dear, but I don't think I shall be able to marry either Mr. HUTCHINGS or WOOLLEY; you see they are rather old for me, aren't they? Mother told me yesterday that there is a dear little boy of four or five playing about somewhere, who will come for me one day and take me right away from her and father. Fancy! What fun!

About my name. Well, I'm afraid it

will have to be MARJORIE after all. Of course I should prefer it to be MARGERY, but mother assures me that the owner of the name is *never* consulted, so I can't say anything. But I will always be MARGERY to you, and we won't say anything more about it to the others. Do you see, dear?

And now I must say good-bye, as mother says I want to go to sleep. She is writing this for me, and some of the things she didn't want to say at all, but I threatened her with my joke, and then she did. But we both send our love. Your affectionate niece,

MARGERY.

P.S.—I shouldn't be a bit surprised if mother didn't alter the signature to "MARJORIE" when I'm asleep. If she does you'll understand.

P.S.—I was weighed yesterday. I weigh quite a lot of pounds.

P.S.—Come to-morrow at four and I will show you my toes.

TABLE TRIOLETS.

(*The Bard, like the Verb, has moods.*)

I.—AT SOMEONE ELSE'S DINNER-TABLE.

Was it really your own?
How delightfully clever!
Did you make it alone?
Was it really your own?
'Tis the best joke I've known,
I'm prepared to say, ever.
Was it really your own?
How delightfully clever!

II.—AT HIS OWN BREAKFAST-TABLE.

I asked for the bread,
Why pass me the butter?
Oh, do use your head.
I asked for the bread.
You heard what I said.
Do I mutter or stutter?
I asked for the bread,
Why pass me the butter?

Our great statesmen are soon forgotten, and the devoted work of a lifetime tossed aside for the novelty of the moment. In the *Bradford Daily Argus* we read that "one of the military novelties of the season is to be the 'Camille Clifford' hat, a smart little felt, mounted somewhat on French sailor lines, with a double rosette and quill."

"The EMPEROR then drank to the Sixth Army Corps, and General Von WAYRACH replied on behalf of the Sixth Army Corps, thanking his Majesty for the sentiments expressed, and calling for a "hock" for the EMPEROR."—*Reuter*.

WE confess to rather liking this homely picture of the Sixth Army Corps standing its KAISER a bottle of the wine of the country.

SEPTEMBER MUSINGS.

(From "The Peasqueak Papers.")

How interesting London is! I cannot tear myself from it. Day after day brings invitations to this country-house and that; but even in August and September I find myself reluctant to leave. Had I, for instance, accepted an invitation to Surbiton for this week-end, as I must confess I was tempted to, for there was talk of a great romancist being in the neighbourhood—no less than one of *The Daily Mail's* feuilletonists in fact—within call, I should have missed a most interesting *rencontre* in the park on Sunday with Mr. COLGROVE, the tragedian, whom I had once or twice met before, but never to such advantage.

Finding ourselves on adjoining chairs we began to talk—or rather he talked and I listened, unwilling to interrupt such a flow of shrewd commentary on men and things. I could not very well take notes at the time, but as soon after as might be I set down the substance of his remarks. Referring to trouserings for men, he said that the back buckle has gone right out. In his experience the turn up of the legs was a mistake, its tendency being to impair the fluidity of the line. On my venturing to ask if he preferred cigarettes to a pipe he said he preferred a pipe, and was much interested when I told him that Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE had once said the same in an interview in *Great Thoughts*. I asked him what part he was thinking of appearing in next, and he said he was undecided between *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. At the moment he has no theatre, his plans for taking one of the large West End houses having broken down. His return to the stage will, I am sure, be a red-letter event, for he has not been seen on the London boards for fifteen years.

To say that there is no one in town in these months is ridiculous; for only yesterday I met one of the latest additions to the Knightage in the grill-room of a famous restaurant. Hereditary honours are no doubt very interesting, but to force one's way into Debrett by sheer capacity for soap-boiling is to my mind a finer thing. That is the difference between the Baronet and the Knight. The Baronet may of course have been created, but in many cases he is merely the son of his father; whereas a Knight *must* have exceptional qualities or he would not be a Knight at all.

It was my privilege not only to meet this eminent man, but to meet him in a curious and unforgettable way. As a matter of fact I had my toe trodden on by him, and was handsomely apologised to. That nothing happens by accident a long life has convinced me. Every-



Lady. "AND YOU SAY YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS BY YOUR WIFE?"

Tramp. "YUSS, LIDY. I GOT 'ER THREE GOOD JOBS, AND 'ER BLOOMIN' INDEPENDENCE. LORST 'ER THE LOT OF 'EM!"

thing is pre-ordained. Judge, then, of my satisfaction that I, probably the one person in that sumptuous room most capable of understanding and appreciating this master mind, should have thus come into contact with him. I could not see, in spite of his countless opportunities, as he moved about from table to table exchanging greetings with the leaders of intellect and finance, that he honoured any other toe in the same way. I necessarily had but a limited time in which to make my compliments, and I fear that he did not hear all I said, but I managed swiftly to express some of the pleasure which it has given

me to use his influential soap every morning ever since it was established. There was no time in which really to study this very capable man, but any one can see with half an eye that here is a force, a tremendous energy, one of the great ones of the day. I noticed that he drank only water and partook sparingly of the *haricots verts*.

One crowded day of glorious life.

"ON Monday next week, His Majesty will have two days' grouse and hare driving over the Tulchan and Advie moors, and also a day on Lady SEAFIELD'S Castle Grant Moor."—*Daily Mail*.

THE POWER OF SOUND.

To the interesting collection of anecdotes recently published in illustration of the magical power exerted by certain singers and players over their audience, *Mr. Punch* is happy to add the following supplementary budget.

CHIRGWIN OR PAGANINI?

AN extraordinarily moving incident is narrated by Mr. CHIRGWIN in connection with a visit which he paid to a well-known lunatic asylum. "I was asked by a titled friend one day—in brief, by the Duke of PLUMSTEAD"—so he relates, "to accompany him to a home for non-compots in which he, as a member of the hereditary noblesse oblige, was deeply interested. I may say at once that I was very deeply touched, not to say titivated, by the evident patience and forbearance from complaint of the inmates on my arrival, and I readily consented, at the Duke's request, to do my best to furnish them with a little temporary pleasure by extemporising to them on my one-string jambon, which as you know is a sort of violoncello played with the feet and having a trumpet attached to the hurricane bridge.

"I accordingly sat down on my instrument and played several little *recherché* tit-bits from my classical répertoire which I thought most likely to please my audience, but after about forty-five minutes my own thoughts became so melancholy at thinking of the tragic infirmities of my listeners that I unconsciously began to play music which reflected my own highly strung mental condition. When I finished, and as I sat still for a moment, myself deeply affected by the emotions which had found expression in my nimble and, so to speak, lilywhite tootsicums, a member of the audience, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, rushed up, and flinging his arms round my neck thanked me most effusively and said he was certain I could only be the great PAGANINI, of whom he had heard so often in his childhood. I should add in conclusion that none of the inmates of the institution had been told of my identity."

HOW A GREAT BASSO TURNED THE MILK SOUR.

SIGNOR ENRICO BOMBINANTE, the redoubtable Italian basso, kindly sends us the following illuminative anecdote:—"I had a most extraordinary and thrilling experience a few years ago while touring in Tierra del Fuego. During a recital at one of the chief towns in that picturesque region I was singing MOZART'S *Qui sdegno*, an aria which, as you are doubtless aware, gives a bass singer exceptional opportunities for wallowing in the abysmal profundities

of his lowest register. The climate—possibly also the stimulating effect of the knowledge that most of my audience were cannibals—spurred me to unusual efforts, and I was agreeably conscious of having never before emitted tones of such thunderous sonority. You will imagine my satisfaction when I learnt subsequently that *all the milk in the town had gone sour during the performance*, and that I am still remembered by the grateful Fuegians as 'Pong-chamburrawurra,' or 'the man thunder-storm.'"

POLKOVITCH AND THE DYING ALDERNEY.

BRONISLAW POLKOVITCH, the illustrious child violinist, who has not yet completed his fifth year, kindly furnishes the following charming narrative:—

"Not very long ago an old Hungarian lady of high rank who had been to many of my recitals and frequently expressed enthusiasm for my performances, sent me an urgent prepaid telegram begging me to come at once to her country seat. She explained that she had a priceless Alderney cow which was suffering from meningitis, and knowing my love of animals expressed the hope that I would come forthwith to soothe the suffering quadruped with the magic strains of my violin. The request was one which I found it impossible to refuse, and I at once repaired to her residence by special train. I found that the cow was indeed in a precarious condition, but she was still conscious, and by eloquent pantomime made it clear that she wished me to play her favourite piece. My surroundings—the cow was propped up with pillows on a four-poster—and the solemn nature of my errand fired me to unparalleled efforts, and I played as I never played before. I am glad to have done this, since my listener passed quietly away before the last bars were reached, and I rejoice to think that I was able to give her pleasure and secure her a tranquil euthanasia."

MR. BEN WYVIS AND THE MAN IN THE MOTOR-BUS.

"Some ten years ago," relates Mr. BEN WYVIS, the famous Scottish baritone, "when I took the part of *Bill Buttercup* in the comic opera of *The Midshipmite*, I had abundant opportunities for observing the influence of melody over mind. For over 4,000 nights did I appear in the part named, and I soon began to recognise familiar faces in the audience. One old gentleman, with a red wig and Piccadilly weepers, came regularly once a week, always occupying the same seat, until I came to look upon him as an old friend; and one night, in the ballad which I used to interpolate in the Third Act, I inadvertently altered

the last words to 'Down among the dead-heads let me lie.' After I had been performing in *The Midshipmite* for about five years, I happened to return home one night in a motor-bus, when an elderly gentleman who was sitting beside me said suddenly, 'Mr. WYVIS, you owe me an apology,' and he went on to explain that he had been so greatly fascinated by my singing that he had been to see *The Midshipmite* ninety times, until the night when my unfortunate mistake had so wounded his feelings that he resolved never to go again. 'I am not a dead-head,' he exclaimed in a voice that rang through the bus. 'I have kept the counterfoils of the tickets, and I paid every time.' I had some little difficulty in convincing him that I never intended to apply the phrase to him, but in the end we parted good friends. I never saw him again, and I have no idea who he was or where he came from, but it is evident that he was one of those over whom music had cast her magic spell."

FOR THE SMART SET ONLY.

(Inspired by the horrible revelations of Country-House Horseplay in "Vanity Fair.")

TO LET.—Hooligan Hall. Noble Elizabethan Manor-house, replete with every modern convenience. Finest banister-sliding in the South of England. Special dark nooks on every landing for jumping out on unsuspecting friends. Doors fitted with J. MILLER'S Special Brainy Booby-Trap Apparatus (1906 model). References invited to fashionable preacher and satirical novelist.

FOR SALE.—Stout Dining-Room Table. Admirably adapted for modern country-house. Formerly in the possession of the usual "well-known hostess." Has borne the weight of three fourteen-stone heirs to earldoms, dancing the Matthische simultaneously after dinner. It was on this table that the Sportington Manor house-party beat the butler's team at the Eton Wall Game.

PILLOW-FIGHTS.—The Sangazure Pillow-fighting team (strong) would like match, away, early in October. Hon. Sec. Lady CLAUDE FOOTLE.

LEAP-FROG.—Seats to witness the final of the Home Counties Families Mixed Leap-Frog Championship in the Baronial Hall at Cheeryble Castle may now be booked.

SQUIRTS.—Try our long-distance squirts. No visitor to a country-house should be without them. Invaluable to indifferent conversationalists. Awkward pauses at the breakfast-table filled up in a manner causing great fun and laughter. Squirts!

THE BEGINNER'S JIU-JITSU.—Price 1s.



'Arry has purchased a "Round Tour" (Hotel coupons included) to the Italian Lakes, Venice, &c., and has got to know, en route, a wealthy American mamma and her daughters. At breakfast his friends indulge largely in jam. 'Arry promptly orders some.

Head Waiter. "IS MONSIEUR AWARE THAT JAM IS AN EXTRA?"

A handy hand-book. Learn the holds, and practise them after dinner in the drawing-room.

"NOVICE" writes:—"A week ago I did not know a Half-Nelson from a grape-nut. I bought your book; and to-night I have just laid out one Duke, four Baronets, and five sort-of-cousins of a Marquess."

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!! CHAIRS!!!—Try our patent collapsible chairs. All guaranteed to let the lightest person down on the floor. The speed of the fall can be regulated. Why pull your friend's seat away when you can buy a patent Collapsible Chair? The Duchess of BLANK writes, "I use no other at Rib-tickle Towers."

A LARGE wall map, issued by the "Bakerloo" Railway, indicates the Theatres and Places of Amusement by marking them in red. The places so coloured include The Bank of England, Tattersall's, University College, and the Royal Courts of Justice.

Yet there are people who are bored.

AN ANNUS MIRABILIS.

It has been a record year for misuse of the word "record." We cannot open a newspaper (says *The Liverpool Post*) without learning that something is a "record." Matters, in fact, have come to such a pass that a new wing of the Record Office in Fleet Street is about to be opened for the purpose of enshrining full particulars of recent achievements and statistical discoveries. So many superlative results have been lately brought to light that there is a record difficulty in making a selection. Among them we may note that:—

The date of the present year (1906) is the highest as yet recorded by the Calendar before the initials A.D.

"Volume CXXXI." never appeared on the current issue of *Punch* before the beginning of last July. This record, we believe, still holds the field.

There has been a record number of failures to swim the Channel this season.

A record swarm of jelly-fish was encountered by BURGESS in his last attempt.

Cambridge hold the record (viz. 1) for

victories in Cambridge-Harvard Boat-races on the Thames in September this year.

There is a record Liberal majority in Parliament, and

Some people think they are making a record mess of Imperial and Colonial affairs.

The record in "pro"-ness, out "pro"-ing the defenders of the Zulus, was reached by the honourable member who stood up in the House of Commons on behalf of ruthlessly slaughtered (man-eating) tigers.

Mr. STEAD has paid his record (namely, first) visit to the Music Hall, and in consequence of his record "ad," all the other "dreg"-shops are imploring him to sample their "drivel."

Six leading legitimate and variety actresses have simultaneously beaten each other's record in salary.

The Recorder of Plymouth's Prize Hen has acted up to her owner's title and outstripped all past and present rivals in egg-laying.

JUMPY JONES, the "Wobblers" centre-forward, has already been whistled at a record number of times by the referee.

ZAG-ZAG.



AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

Empire (to part of "Skeleton" Army). "WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT?"

Private. "I DUNNO, SIR. I'M CARRYING THIS 'ERE FLAG."

Empire. "WELL, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, YOU REPRESENT A COMPANY IN EXTENDED ORDER. UNDERSTAND?"

Private (after deep cogitation). "AND DO I DRAW THE BEER FOR A COMPANY WHEN I GET BACK TO CAMP?"

TO A BOSTON GIRL.

THERE never was a fortnight that spun itself away
So fast as yours in England, which ended yesterday.
We could not stay your parting, though each did all he knew,
And now we fill the void, dear, with memories of you.

It seemed to be our birthright—we used it with a zest—
To sit to work at guessing when pretty MARTHA guessed,
And when we marked with rapture her voice's rise and fall
We aimed at speech like MARTHA'S, and missed it one and all.

And now you're on the sea, dear, while I am on the land;
I cannot see your glances, I cannot grasp your hand,
And, oh, the waves that toss you they cannot injure me,
Since I am on the land, dear, and you are on the sea.

You crossed the great Atlantic to view the Harvard boys;
With pretty *rah-rah-rahings* you swelled the Putney noise;
And if your cheeks flushed crimson when Harvard missed
the prize,

The heavenly blue of Cambridge was shining in your eyes.

Next week you'll land in Boston; the gilded Statehouse dome
Must robe itself in sunshine to bid you welcome home,
And Beacon Street and Boylston must sing for joy once more
When calm and undefeated our MARTHA steps ashore.

But now old Neptune sways you. You do not like him much:
He adds to lack of humour too boisterous a touch.
You cannot wheedle him, dear, as once you wheedled me,
Who linger here lamenting while you are on the sea.

SPRINGBOK SUITINGS.

WITH regard to the widely published descriptions of the motley football kit displayed by the South African team in their first practice at Richmond we are in a position to state that although two of the players (see *The Sportsman*) appeared in grey flannel trousers, not one turned out in pyjamas; that CAROLIN'S stockings were *not* scarlet but a shade between crushed strawberry and flamingo; and also—we have the exclusive rights of this information—the collar of the official jersey is to be 2'004 inches deep.

ACCORDING to Dr. CHARLES FERNET, in *The Leicester Daily Mercury*, moderate tea-drinkers are liable to excitement and insomnia, "while a stronger dose rarely fails to produce acute 'theism.'" Upon enquiry of a well-known Harley Street specialist Mr. Punch learnt that the practice of coffee-drinking created a tendency to Pan-Islamism, while cocoa, in an undiluted form, encourages a Confucian habit of thought.



“A POLICEMAN’S LOT....”

POLICEMAN ROOSEVELT. “NOW THEN, YOU TWO, STOP THAT GAME!”

CUBAN COMBATANTS. “WHAT’LL YOU DO IF WE DON’T?”

POLICEMAN R. “GUESS I’LL MAKE IT MIGHTY UNPLEASANT FOR YOU—(aside)—AND FOR MYSELF!”



THE ORIGINAL
OF THE
...
...
...



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

(The ownership of the dog is apparently in doubt.)

Tramps (in chorus). "It's MINE! MY DOG KILLED IT!"

Tramps (in chorus). "ALL RIGHT, THEN! YOUR DOG KILLED IT!"

LOVE IN A CAR.

[“I have personal knowledge of marriages resulting from motor-car courtships.”—The Hon. C. S. ROLLS.—*Daily Express*.]

WHEN REGINALD asked me to drive in his car
I knew what it meant for us both,
For peril to love-making offers no bar,
But fosters the plighting of troth.
To the tender occasion I hastened to rise,
So bought a new frock on the strength of it,
Some china-blue chiffon—to go with my eyes—
And wrapped up my head with a length of it.

“Get in,” said my lover, “as quick as you can!”
He wore a black smear on his face,
And held out the hand of a rough artisan
To pilot me into my place.
Like the engine, my frock somehow seemed to miss-fire,
For REGINALD’S manner was querulous,
But after some fuss with the near hind-wheel tyre
We were off at a pace that was perilous.

“There’s BROWN just behind, on his second-hand brute,
He thinks it can move, silly ass!”
Said REGGIE with venom, “Ha! Ha! let him hoot,
I’ll give him some trouble to pass.”
My service thenceforth was by REGGIE confined
(He showed small compunction in suing it)
To turning to see how far BROWN was behind,
But not to let BROWN see me doing it.

BROWN passed us. We dined off his dust for a league—
It really was very poor fun—
Till, our car showing symptoms of heat and fatigue,
REGGIE had to admit he was done.

To my soft consolation scant heed did he pay,
But with taps was continually juggling,
And his words, “Will you keep your dress further away?”
Put a stop to incipient snuggling.

“He’d never have passed me alone,” REGGIE sighed,
“The car’s extra heavy with you.”
“Why ask me to come?” I remarked. He replied,
“I thought she’d go better with two.”
When I touched other topics, forbearingly meek,
From his goggles the lightnings came scattering,
“What chance do you give me of placing this squeak,”
He hissed, “when you keep up that chattering?”

At that, I insisted on being set down
And returning to London by train,
And I vowed fifty times on my way back to town
That I never would see him again.
Next week he appeared and implored me to wed,
With a fondly adoring humility.
“The car stands between us,” I rigidly said.
“I’ve sold it!” he cried with agility.

His temples were sunken, enfeebled his frame,
There was white in the curls on his crest;
When he spoke of our ride in a whisper of shame
I flew to my home on his breast.
By running sedately I’m certain that Love
To such passion would never have carried us,
Which settles the truth of the legend above—
It was really the motor-car married us.

WE are sorry to see that *The Toronto Mail and Empire* gives an account of the Grasmere Sports under the heading “Wrestling in Scotland.” We shall be told next that WORDSWORTH habitually wore a kilt.

FORM "C 2."

FROM the moment that he heard the bell ring he expected trouble. It may have been instinct, or it may have been that he always expected trouble when he heard the bell ring. However that may be, from the very first he expected trouble.

He was an Articled Clerk. An Articled Clerk is a creature that grows in a solicitor's office, wears a blue suit, and bears a close resemblance to the Office Boy. Unlike the latter, he has no pay and no responsibility; unlike the latter, he cannot be promiscuously cursed. He has less commonsense, and certainly less knowledge of the law (and the profits) than the Office Boy. He is also less useful than the Office Boy, for he is an amateur and the Office Boy is a professional; he is a nuisance, and the Office Boy is an indispensable. He is in every respect except dress the inferior of the Office Boy. To have compared him to the Office Boy in the first place was a mistake.

Facing him there is an electric bell. Beneath the bell there is an indicator. When the bell rings and the indicator points to No. 4, he goes to see what the Senior Partner wants. He comes out of the Senior Partner's room, repeats to a clerk all that the Senior Partner has said to him, and gets the clerk to tell him what the Senior Partner really does want. Then he goes and gets (or does) exactly what the Senior Partner does not want.

When an Articled Clerk is not writing letters to his friends on official notepaper he is reading the daily papers. When he is not reading the daily papers he is playing with the typewriter. When he is not playing with the typewriter he is working. When he is not working he is learning shorthand. Our Articled Clerk was learning shorthand and had just impressed upon his mind that "x" was short for "s", when the bell rang. He welcomed the interruption. Why did he welcome the interruption? Study a shorthand manual for five consecutive minutes and you will not ask foolish questions.

The bell rang and the indicator pointed to No. 4. The Articled Clerk was glad. But he was not glad for long, for an unaccountable fear took hold of him. Something told him that there was trouble ahead, and whatever that something was it did not tell him wrong.

The Senior Partner wanted an "Inland Revenue Form for the Assessment of Estate Duty." That was in itself bad enough. Inland Revenue forms are like submarines, for they are numbered "A 1," "A 2," "B 1," "B 2," and so on. (They are nothing like submarines to look at; indeed, the critics may suggest that the comparison is a

weak one. I am not, I admit, proud of it, but at any rate it is better than the comparison between Articled Clerks and Office Boys. Why I ever said that an Articled Clerk was like an Office Boy, I cannot think. But let it pass.)

The assessment form with the long name that the Senior Partner wanted was numbered "C 2." It is useless to try to explain to you what these forms mean. After six months in the office the Articled Clerk knew what they looked like, but had no idea what they were. After thirty years in the office the Senior Partner knew what they were, but had no idea what they meant. The Articled Clerk once went so far as to say that even the Inland Revenue people themselves did not quite understand them; but an Articled Clerk with no responsibility will say anything!

He approached a clerk and said to him, "The Senior Partner wants an Inland Revenue Form No. C 2." This clerk, who had met other Articled Clerks and knew the species, told him with the utmost deference that he "would find one in the cupboard." The other clerks, on being approached, answered in much the same manner, except, perhaps, the Confidential Clerk, who considered that his twenty years' connection with the firm entitled him to say exactly what he thought. Nothing was left for the Articled Clerk but to get the form for himself.

Possibly in the distant past these forms might have been kept in some sort of order, but that can never be known for certain now. At the time of this narrative they lay in a heterogeneous and chaotic pile about five hundred deep. It has never been definitely stated how many sorts of Inland Revenue forms exist, but the Articled Clerk thinks that he met upwards of fifty and not less than five of each sort before he lost his temper. He started favourably with the "A's," and after some loose play among the "K's," he was soon back with the "B's." Then there followed a long and irritating series of all the letters on the other side of "D." The climax was reached when he suddenly came upon four "C 1's" in a row which promised much but led to nothing . . .

No one could pretend that five hundred forms looked pretty strewn on the floor. No one could suppose that there was any pleasure to be got from picking them up again. Furthermore, anyone with any experience of assessment forms knows that that violent sort of treatment only amuses them and merely serves to increase their obstinacy. And yet the Articled Clerk has often told me that the momentary feeling of personal triumph (purchased at however great a cost) alone saved him from permanent insanity.

At any rate at this point the Confidential Clerk, in whose room all this was taking place and who had work to do, intervened. "A muttered oath now and then I do not mind," he said, "but this is positively deafening." He then led the Articled Clerk aside and explained to him in a hurried whisper the one and only way to get the form he wanted. The Articled Clerk listened attentively, and as he listened a smile of devilish cunning spread over his face. "What?" he whispered back. The Confidential Clerk, who was a tolerant person, re-whispered his advice, and the Articled Clerk proceeded to act upon it.

He replaced all the forms, shut the cupboard, and then in low and distinct tones soliloquised thus:—"I have changed my mind. I think, nay, I am sure that I do not want Form C 2 after all. I will devise a form for myself. I have nothing to do, and this will afford me pleasure and instruction. Besides, the form that I shall devise may be better than Form C 2, and it certainly cannot be worse. I never did think much of these assessment forms. No, I would not take Form C 2 now if I were paid for it!" . . . Then he re-opened the cupboard quickly and took the first form that came to hand. Of course—What a fool he had been! Why ever did he not think of this before?—of course it was Form C 2.

This, you must admit, is an edifying story with an instructive moral. You say, "It is not true." That may be, for I have only the Articled Clerk's word for it, and Articled Clerks are (as I have admitted) an unpaid and therefore an irresponsible class. After all, what does it matter whether it is true or not?

You say that "it is impossible." There you show your supreme ignorance of the nature of Inland Revenue assessment forms. Obviously, you have never met an assessment form in your life. To be perfectly candid with you, I am afraid that you do not even know what the Inland Revenue is.

The Little More, and how Much it is.

"HOTEL CECIL.—Bedroom with Ham and Egg breakfast, 1s. 8d."—*Scotch Paper.*

"The entire company and accessories, numbering in all no fewer than 709 pieces, weighing about fifty tons, and costing £250 to transport, have already been shipped."

Daily Chronicle.

WE can imagine the numbering of the pieces as they came on board. "706, Mr. JONES—707, Front of Castle Wall—708, Small dagger—709, Miss BROWN, and that's the lot, BILL."

ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT—No. 6.

Further designs for statues of more or less private individuals who might otherwise have escaped national recognition.



THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

IX.

THE CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE TO HUMANS.

Unlike the rest of us, the Captain would always refuse to be impressed by the Man-Hater. He let him make speeches, he said, because it amused



The Man-Hater slunk off.

him. But the Man-Hater, he held, ranted, and did not talk practical politics. One day I recollect, after The Man-Hater had delivered an impassioned oration proving conclusively the inferiority of man, the Captain said to him quietly, "By-the-by, my young friend, were you not thrashed within half an inch of your life last night by a butcher for stealing a chop?"—and The Man-Hater slunk off. The Captain had a way of making one feel small like that.

And one of the Captain's trite sayings was, "Recognise things as they are. Never forget that the Isle of Man is bigger than the Isle of Dogs."

The Captain himself was strangely tolerant of humans. He was indeed inclined to spoil them. For instance, if, when I was out with my people, we were to meet the Captain, he would always say, "How do you do?" to my people before passing the time of day to me. And he would behave in the same way when he came to my house. I always felt it, but the Captain held that politeness cost nothing, and might mean a biscuit. "Never quarrel with your food," was one of his rules of life.

The Captain further had a theory that the majority of humans were really well-meaning, and that most of the mistakes they made were due to ignorance rather than to malice. We must remember, he said, that even when they thrash us for attacking other dogs they probably have not heard what had been said to us; and we should at the same time remember this, that we are sometimes called good dogs when we are not that. "Think of the hundreds of whackings you have all earned and not received." And we should not forget

that they often take considerable pains to make themselves understood by us. For example, when they are going out for a walk they put on hats. To show us it is dinner-time they don evening dress. When they are leaving town they put themselves to the trouble of taking huge boxes with them. And even the fire-engine men, against whom so many dogs rail, have the decency to shout themselves hoarse to give us a chance of getting out of the way.

But, just as the Captain held that it was unfair to hate humans, so he considered it absurd to envy them to the extent that some dogs did. Beyond the fact that humans have unlimited food and need not take baths unless it is their hobby, he considered that all the advantage was on the side of the dogs. "It might, in fact," he once remarked, "almost be said that humans are our slaves. They earn our food, and even wait on us, while we sit at home in luxury and ease."

One of the Captain's maxims was, "Let dogs be dogs, and let humans be humans." Nothing riled him more than to see dogs copying humans, especially in matters of dress, and he told me that once he was frankly sick when his mistress read an article from the paper on "Fashions for Dogs," in which it appeared that many dogs now wear seal-skin jackets with pockets for perfumed handkerchiefs, and carry any amount of jewellery, while some little fops are actually dyed to match their mistress's dress, so that a scarlet fox-terrier or a squash-strawberry bulldog may yet be seen. By-the-by, the next issue of the paper contained an anonymous letter protesting strongly against all this tomfoolery, and I have a pretty shrewd idea as to who wrote it. It certainly contained the word "degeneracy," which I have heard the Captain use more than once; and when I asked the Captain if the letter were his he did not deny it.

THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION.

There was only one respect in which the Captain would unreservedly allow that humans left much to be desired. I refer to food. The Captain had a fine appetite, and he frequently found it thwarted.

Humans are undoubtedly the greediest animals in existence. They have four meals a day, and make a fuss if one of us asks for a mouthful.

And not only do we starve in the midst of plenty, but the price we have to pay for such crumbs as we get is loss of self-respect.

Even the Captain sat on the floor during meal-time waiting servilely for scraps from the rich man's table. It would irritate me, so the effect on one of the Captain's dignity may easily be imagined. It was an insult to his position.

And then the uncertainty of the thing. We never know how much we are going to get. When they give us something from the table, they never say whether more is coming. Consequently, we bolt what is thrown us, so as not to keep them waiting if they should want to give us a second bit. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that second bit never comes. All you have in its place is heart-racking remorse at the thought that you might have lingered longer over the first bit.

And at times insult is added to injury. Constantly my master, on offering me something from the hoarded store on his plate, has said, "Now, don't snatch!" Let him practise what he preaches. I have frequently heard him say that he himself had snatched a hasty meal during the day.

And some people seem to think, amusingly, that empty praise can take the place of food. They will admire my alert expression when they are talking to me, and studiously ignore the fact that I am straining every muscle of my brain to try and hear some mention



Humans are undoubtedly the greediest animals in existence.

of eatables. A remark that is frequently made is, "How intelligent he looks, sitting there! He takes in everything." But they seldom give you a chance of showing how you could take in a lump of the pudding the greedy beasts are eating.

Humans starve you, and then, if, maddened by the pangs of hunger, you become a thief, you never hear the end of it. The wonder is that so few dogs join the criminal classes. I only stole once. It was game. Some dogs like biscuits, others bones. I would sell my soul for game. There was wild duck for dinner, and none was given me. So I helped myself afterwards to its entire carcase. I was whipped for it. But it was worth the whipping. I got the best of the bargain.

The Captain held that, to obtain food, almost anything short of murder was justifiable. He even went through the performance known as "begging" for it—though I fancy this was never known to the other members of the Club. The scandal that one in his position should be forced to such humiliating means of earning his bread must be patent to all.

As for myself, I was often reduced to eating flies. They make unsatisfactory food, but they are better than nothing. They say that fly-eating makes you thin—but don't you believe it; that idea was cleverly set on foot by the flies themselves. I became in course of time something of an expert at catching them. I would lie down by the fire and sham dead. The unsuspecting flies would then think themselves safe and try all sorts of dare-devil tricks with me—and pretty fools they would look when I suddenly ate them!

Talking of flies reminds me of a whimsical idea of the Captain's. He was asked one day, when a youngster, what he would like to be if he were not a dog. He answered promptly, "A fly." Pressed for his reason, he stated, "Because it is so jolly to be able to get a ride on horse-back whenever you want to."

CHURCHYARD SHOOTS.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—Having read with interest of the gallant stand made by the Vicar of Gorleston in defence of church and plate, we beg the hospitality of your columns to announce that for the convenience of the hundreds of sporting parsons who are certain to desire to follow his noble example we have prepared a complete outfit, at a reasonable price, which shall ensure the maximum of comfort with the minimum of risk. Devotees of the new churchyard sport would do well to write for our illustrated catalogue (post free); but with your permission we will mention briefly a few of our specialities, without which no church-burglar hunt can nowadays be regarded as complete.

Our leading line is our Family Vault Stalking Horse. Armour-plated, bullet-proof, and yet easily portable, this con-



"OH, HERE'S AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF JACK BOWKER! DO YOU KNOW, I MET HIM THE OTHER EVENING, AND HE'D GROWN A RIDICULOUS MOUSTACHE. I WAS NEVER SO TICKLED IN MY LIFE!"

trivance is certain to be extremely popular. The Stalking-Horse is hollow, and has the outward shape of a Family Vault; it is fitted with straps and peep-holes, and for a small extra charge can have a heating apparatus attached, for winter use. It is safe, it is warm, it is dry. With our Family Vault Stalking Horse strapped to his back, the clergyman has only to crawl about on his hands and knees, his eyes at the peep-holes, until he discovers the most advantageous position from which to fire. Should he, by any misfortune, be compelled to retreat, he can do so in perfect safety with this excellent cover at his back.

To the hardened clergyman of mature age, accustomed to canons and other heavy artillery, we recommend our Fox Terrier Teaser Pistol—dainty and deadly. For inexperienced curates we suggest our Noiseless Airgun, with which we supply a written guarantee that it will not bang when fired.

We supply also a fully-equipped ambulance shed, at a very moderate figure, which can be connected by telephone with the Stalking Horse. This should prove useful in the deplorable event of retaliation on the part of the burglar.

For parishes in which the churchwardens and sidesmen are not in sympathy with the clergy, and are therefore not prepared to join in the sport, we can supply our own specially trained beaters, who are experts in bringing the quarry

within range, by low whistles and other devices. These men are also skilful grave-diggers. The unwisdom of allowing the victims to dig their own graves is apparent, as they are liable to dig where they fall, and not always in the most convenient places. The beaters also act as retrievers; they pursue the partially disabled burglar, and bring him back, so that the sporting parson may know for certain the result of his fire.

In cases where the sportsman is not of a literary turn of mind, we can supply graphic accounts of the hunt, for communication to the Press. Our Illustrated Personal Narratives are particularly suitable for parish magazines.

We have only to add that one Sunday's special collections would place within reach of the poorest clergyman a more or less complete equipment for the comfortable pursuit of the new and fascinating pastime of burglar-hunting.

We are, Your obedient servants,
THE CHURCH DEFENCE STORES
(Sports Department).

The Dangers of London.

"Lost, September 7th, 1906. Pair of Gold-rimmed Eyeglasses, in Black Leather Case, between Oxford Street and Rutland Street and L. and N.W.R. Station, seeing the 10 A.M. train off."—*Sussex paper.*

It is deplorable that a pair of steady and respectable eyeglasses should not be safe in our streets at 10 o'clock in the morning, even though unattached.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM deep in the debt of Mr. HICHENS for his new novel *The Call of the Blood* (METHUEN). I love at times to wallow in pages and pages of description of nice easy scenes which I know, such as the neighbourhood of Etna. It is true that Mr. HICHENS gives me no credit either for a knowledge of Sicily, or for the meanest gift of imagination, or even (and here he seems to depreciate his own power of producing an impression) for being able to realise a picture till he has done me a dozen replicas of it. But then how few authors give the reader credit for anything except an extreme patience.

However, apart from this habit of indefinitely multiplying the right word or phrase (for Mr. HICHENS employs no other kind) there is hardly a fault to be found in his book. It is really a great, even a noble, achievement. He has chosen a theme—the effect on character of a strain of exotic blood—which is perhaps not too novel; and the main issue, frankly exposed at the very outset, is simple to the verge of obviousness. But to the working out of his scheme he brings so delicate a taste, so careful an observation of types, so fine a feeling for form and colour, and a technique so easy and accomplished that he holds us always bound by the spell of his artistry. He has succeeded in avoiding melodrama where the descent that way appeared most facile; and by the gradual and leisurely development of his processes he gives to each situation an air of naturalness and inevitability. Perhaps there is one exception: *Maurice's* childish desire to be present at the Fair of *San Felice* seems to furnish a rather inadequate motive for that act of discourtesy to his wife on which the tragedy is made to turn. For, after all, he is supposed to be a gentleman; and when a gentleman, educated at Eton and Oxford, wants to pursue an intrigue during his honeymoon he is always careful not to select a moment when his wife is expecting him to meet her at the station.

The book is less a study of character than of heredity and environment. Yet in the loyal *Gaspere* the author has created a type whose reality is as unquestionable as its charm. Between the two men, *Artois* and *Maurice*, the one born to analyse life, the other to take and enjoy it, he has drawn an admirable contrast. *Hermione* is an exquisite character. Akin to her husband by a nature made for happiness, she is yet more closely akin to *Artois* by her intellectual gifts; and in her relations with these two men we remark once more the arbitrary methods of sex in the matter of selection—how small a value it sometimes attaches to affinities of mind and soul.

Under any conditions, and in whatever form it came, one feels that *Hermione's* marriage with *Maurice* must have had a tragic end. She only hastens it by drawing his heart to Sicily whose blood was in his veins; Sicily, with its heritage of Greece, where Fate, as the Greeks knew it, had a way of moving very surely to its goal.

From *Libau to Tsushima* (JOHN MURRAY) is the diary of an engineer constructor who accompanied the Russian fleet which, on August 30, 1904, left Kronstadt bound for the relief of Port Arthur. It takes the form of letters to his wife, written of course without expectation of their extending beyond the family circle. That adds considerably to their value. When the fleet had been out some months M. POLITOVSKY writes: "If you could but imagine what is going on, if it were possible for me to tell you exactly all about it, you would be amazed. Should I live, I will tell you afterwards. No, there is no use our fighting. Things have come to such a pass that I can only wring my hands and feel assured that no one can escape his fate." The hapless Russian did not live to tell all. What he has written

suffices. Among terrible stories of the sea this is unique. In sentences whose graphic power DEFOE did not exceed, he jots down from day to day what he sees and suffers. This mighty fleet, equipped at boundless cost, moved slowly to its doom, officers and men in a blue funk. From Kronstadt to the North China sea, night and day they trembled with apprehension that the Japanese were upon them. Some of the crew, in the madness of terror, jumped into the sea and so got inevitable death over. The officers drank heavily and played cards recklessly. By day they saw Japanese cruisers in every cloud. By night they traced a suspicious light on the horizon and found it was a star.

The story of the sinking of the British fishing boats in the North Sea is told with superb simplicity. At 10 P.M., on October 8, "the *Kamchatka* reports she is attacked on all sides by eight torpedo boats." Three hours later, the hapless fisher-folk being now within close range, the frenzied fleet opened fire upon them. "All the ships of our division were ablaze; the noise of the firing was incessant; the search-lights were turned on. I was on the after-bridge and was positively blinded and deafened by the firing." No fishing fleet could stand that. We know what happened, and also know how, after tremulously feeling its way across the seas, the fleet came in touch with the Japanese and was itself destroyed. POLITOVSKY, hard at work in the hold of his battleship, went down with it.

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN is just seventeen
(So I read), yet so brainy and gifty,
And, judged by her book (ALSTON RIVERS), so keen
She might be a widow of fifty.

With colours that suit an ambitious design
She paints, in *The Viper of Milan*,
A certain *Visconti*, the last of his line,
And a regular out-and-out villain.

On exquisite homicides, artfully planned,
His pleasure in life is dependent,
Until he is finally scotched at the hand
Of his meek confidential attendant.

The story's well-balanced; the stuff of its scenes
Is neither too lavish nor thrifty,
And that's why I said that this maid in her teens
Might well be a widow of fifty.

Mr. BERNARD CAPES must be tired of hearing that his style is stilted, that he over-elaborates, that the way of his novels is beset with awkward mannerisms, and the thousand and one other things that reviewers tell him. I suspect that, if his next book were no more difficult than "The cat is on the mat. Where is hat, O rat?" he would still be told that "the plot of this story is obscured by unnecessary verbiage." As I read *A Rogue's Tragedy* (his latest novel, that METHUEN has just published) I found, to my surprised delight (or my delighted surprise—the two emotions came together) not only that I understood all the long words, but that I was in the middle of a real romance, full of loves and hates and fights and deaths, and that (if I may say so) one had no difficulty in being in at the deaths. In other words, I found that Mr. CAPES could tell a story as straightforwardly as anybody. He has, of course, a style and a manner—let us be thankful that he has. But, to judge from this book, he is certainly not over-weighted with his style. He carries it off easily.

"Though ABDEL HAMID, the Sultan of Turkey, has reigned for thirty years and is now nearing his 646th birthday, Europe is only gradually discovering what manner of man he is."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

These Orientals take a lot of knowing.